

Illinois U Library  
**THE GREEN CALDRON**

**A Magazine of Freshman Writing**



**CONTENTS**

<i>Ronald Carver: The Need for the Study of Great Books</i> . . .	1
<i>R. L. Watson: Those Swinging Doors</i> . . . . .	4
<i>Lorence Collins: Delightful Observation of Birds</i> . . . . .	5
<i>Anita Mae Stahl: Stahl in Defense of Monogamy</i> . . . . .	8
<i>Marvin E. Mayer: Black Magic</i> . . . . .	9
<i>William Loyd: Attic Reminiscence</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Benjamin T. Brown: Voice in the Wilderness</i> . . . . .	13
<i>Ralph Butler: Dead End</i> . . . . .	15
<i>Joel Cord: The Dreyfus Affaire</i> . . . . .	16
<i>Marilyn Minks: Wanted: a Gal</i> . . . . .	22
<i>Bernard Stebel: A Nourished Mind—the Engineer</i> . . . . .	23
<i>Frieda Post: Fallacy Fannie</i> . . . . .	24
<i>Anonymous: Scientific Analysis or Propaganda?</i> . . . . .	26
<i>Tom T. Wilson: Cross-Currents</i> . . . . .	27
<i>Rhet as Writ</i> . . . . .	28
<i>The Contributors</i> . . . . .	29

---

**Vol. 19, No. 4**

**MAY, 1950**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS**

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes JOHN BELLAMY, MARJORIE BROWN, GLENN CAREY, BEULAH CHARMLEY, GEORGE CONKIN, VIRGINIA MURRAY, and JOHN SPEER, Chairman.

THE GREEN CALDRON is for sale at the Illini Union Bookstore, Champaign, Illinois, at twenty-five cents a copy.



THE GREEN CALDRON

Copyrighted 1950

BY CHAS. W. ROBERTS

*All rights reserved*

No parts of this periodical may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

# The Need for the Study of the Great Books

RONALD CARVER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

THERE IS A VITAL NEED FOR THE STUDY OF THE world's great books. The most compelling reason for this study is the decline of popular taste in literature. Writing of the so-called "simple" and "human" varieties is in the ascendant, and there are few indications, if any, to show the existence of a reverse tendency. The great literature of the world, to the creation of which men with fine minds devoted their lives and their energies, has become synonymous on the mass level with stodginess, dullness, and even "highbrowism."

The great writers have been replaced by the "new" writers, who are considered clever because "they have discovered sex," and because they borrow liberally from the latest scientific findings in psychology, sociology, etc. Too, they are considered clever because "they know what the people want," and give it to them in copious and unending doses.

The cry is raised in many quarters that the study of the great books by the masses is merely another form of the "mass snobbism" set in motion for reasons of profit by the book clubs and other publishers. In answer to this charge it can be said that the study of the great books was instituted by a group of learned men whose motivation was the sincere desire to help their fellow men to enrich their lives by encouraging them to exercise their own powers of thought. In this they may be compared to certain figures of the Northern Renaissance who sought to bring the writings of the ancients to the widest possible audience. Simply because some alert publishers have exploited the movement for their own profitable ends by bringing out expensive and beautiful editions of great books, thus appealing to the snobbish elements of the nation, does not mean that the originators of the popular study of the great books are trying to spread snobbism.

Then, too, it is claimed that the people are not hungry for knowledge so much as they are anxious for diversion. But the mistake here is in the implication that diversion must necessarily be "unprofitable leisure." Why must this be so? Must a hardworking man necessarily flop into his easy chair at the end of his day's work and always switch on the radio, or pick up his funny-book, or go down to the corner tap to guzzle beer and chin pointlessly with his cronies? Can workers generally divert themselves only by joining bowling teams, by playing cards, by going to the motion pictures, or by attending



parties? Certainly, all of these can be considered a part of the class of things that divert one.

But they are only a part of the class. There are many other things or pursuits in which diversion may be found, or from which diversion may be gained. Study can divert. "Of course it can," the argument persists, "but it does not entertain." Well, this is but the statement of taste. Those who are against study as such claim that it does not entertain. Those who believe otherwise say that study can entertain. The originators of the popular study of the great books feel that study can entertain. Thus leisure time can be profitably employed, because the person studying for diversion in his leisure time will actually be working towards the betterment of himself. The profitable employment of leisure time is considered to be a mark of the civilized man.

Now, an important question arises. Can the study of the great books really bring about a reversal in the downward trend of popular tastes in literature. It can, and for the following reasons. First, most people are interested in developing themselves. They want to be aware of what is going on in the world, and what has gone on in the world. By aiding this desire, the study of the great books helps to set off a trend against inferior tastes. It encourages the individual *himself* to determine the issues in important discussions, to weigh more carefully the sides in disputes or arguments, to look more closely into the nature of things, and to avoid flinging himself into the whirlpool of unworthy mass trends. The study of the great books will foster a love of fine writing among those who apply themselves to the study. People who study the great books will soon come to recognize the difference between inferior writing and fine writing. Finally, they will devote themselves to the reading of good literature. And even if a person reads only cursorily in the great books, he will still come into contact with great ideas and thoughts. Such a meeting cannot fail to have the consequence of making a person take closer stock of himself.

It is more beneficial for a person to struggle with a good book that is difficult to read, and to attempt to master it, than for him to read a hundred so-called "light" books. For in struggling with the material of the better book he will be forced to use all of his intellectual powers, to drive deeper into himself. It is argued that this "intellectual struggling" is useless for those who are not intellectually inclined and capable. It is said that this sort of struggling leads on to despair and frustration, that it is an utter waste of time if one can never hope to understand the nature of the material. But this is not so. No person who studies with the end of improving himself is wasting time. Despair he may, become frustrated he may, but he is always moving forward. He is not sliding backward into slothfulness. Perhaps he may never become a scholar. But it is not necessarily the object of the originators of the popular study of the great books to make scholars out of ordinary men and women. The major objective of the study is to make more and more men and women

aware of the world they live in and their true place in it as "thinking" beings who will not easily be taken advantage of by scoundrels; who will not easily succumb to the hasty generalizations and the mass attitudes which do so much to submerge the individual.

No one can deny that the wisdom of the past belongs to all men. It is theirs for the taking. And the wisdom of the past should always be a part of the cultivated man's intellectual equipment. Not merely for ornament, but for use and enjoyment. His knowledge of the past will provide him with an insight into the actions and events of the present time, and even into the future. Some might reply that this knowledge can be gained only over a long period of time and by great effort. No one denies this, least of all those who originated the popular study of the great books. They believe one should devote not just a few minutes a day to the study of the great books, but rather a lifetime. They believe that men should never cease learning. No man can ever hope to gain even a fraction of all the knowledge of the world. But he can constantly learn.

There can be no doubt that the widespread study of the great books would widen the intellectual horizons of men and aid greatly in helping them form cultivated tastes. The individual intellectual effort required for their study is far more valuable than the slickly contrived "How To . . ." articles of the "Digests" and "Women's Magazine," or the flow of books, offering tailor-made philosophies for \$3.50 and two evenings of one's time, that constantly clutter up the horizons of knowledge. The study of great books encourages every man to be his own philosopher. Others would deprive him of this privilege and need, and would foist off on him their own ideas and thoughts without regard to his own intellectual powers. No other approach to the problem of bettering popular tastes in literature can be as effective as one which aids the individual to be his own arbiter in matters of judgment and taste. And enough individuals, thus equipped, will be able finally to reverse the decline of popular tastes in literature and in other important things. The study of the great books can bring this about.



# Those Swinging Doors

R. L. WATSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 13*

THE MASSIVE DOOR BEGINS ITS CLOSING SWING, AND another poor, unsuspecting student bites the dust. The student picks himself up, assumes a determined stance, and again charges at the door. He hits the door with a resounding thud, and barely sneaks through. As he walks up the final flight of stairs, a mild complaint is heard, "I'll be damned if I'll ever take another course in Engineering Hall!"

Engineering Hall is the home of engineers. Not only does it house most of the records and offices, but it supplies a test on all who enter. Yes, one really has to be an engineer to open the door into that den of higher learning.

I have often imagined that the Dean of Engineers stands at the top of the stairs and watches the students enter. He can pick out his bright-eyed boys by the attack they use on this barrier. The door is continually swinging, due to the numerous people that pass through those portals, and the engineer always bides his time until the door is at the peak of its swing. Then with a small amount of pressure on the right places, the door majestically swings open.

I can also imagine that the Dean gets in a few chuckles, now and then, when some non-engineer, who happens to get stuck with a course which meets away up north, tries to battle his way into his class. The P.E. major gets a running charge, and usually, after the three or four tries, manages to batter his way in, using his head as a club. The L.A.S. major walks confidently up, gives a little push, grunts in disgust, and then decides he had better not go to class today. The campus queen tries waiting it out, hoping that some engineer will generously hold the door open for her. She usually waits in vain though, for engineers haven't time to look at women.

The Dean is in great fear of agriculture students. One of them, after several futile attempts, disappeared and returned again in a few minutes with a team of mules. "Lose more doors that way," the Dean exclaimed as he sent out a set of special instructions to be read to all future farmers.

The Dean of Engineering along with the other professors who reside in Engineering Hall, has come to the conclusion that it takes brains to be an engineer. I am inclined to agree with him, for it takes brains to try to maneuver that massive door. If, perhaps, you are wondering why there are still so many small, puny, weak-looking engineers, walk around to the side door of Engineering Hall and see how the engineers are using their brains and saving their brawn by going in the side door.

# Delightful Observation of Birds

LORENCE COLLINS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

SOME ONE ONCE SAID THAT WHEN GOD FINISHED CREATING the earth He had a few colors left over from the rainbow, so He created the birds.

Who can deny the beauty of brilliant blue-green indigo bunting perched high on a limb of an oak tree? The sudden appearance of that little bird always makes me stop to hear its beautiful song and gaze at its splendid colors.

I shall never forget the awe and admiration I had for a beautiful scarlet tanager as it was flitting through the trees. Its brilliant red and black body shining in bold contrast among the green leaves in the blazing sunlight was like a sparkling red ruby rolled onto a green felt cloth. I was very sorry when it finally flew away, for I could have spent the whole afternoon looking at it.

Once, while hiking along a railroad, I saw a gold finch eating thistle seeds on top of a prickly thistle plant. Its brilliant yellow body, black cap, and black wings contrasting with the purple flowers of the green thistle plant as it swayed in the gentle breeze, furnished a lasting and beautiful memory in my mind.

Ruby-throated hummingbirds have always gained my admiration. I spent fully one-half hour at the bottom of a dip in a road watching them. The road crossed an old ivy-colored bridge. A cool, clear stream bubbled underneath the rocks and tangled masses of grass and sticks. The banks were covered with billowing masses of golden yellow flowers of the jewel weed, and that was where the hummingbirds were feeding. The ruby-throated hummingbirds with their brilliantly glowing vests and pale green bodies floated ghost-like through the air, paused on imaginary ledges in front of the dewy, bejeweled flowers, and drank their fill of nectar. My enjoyment of watching these interesting creatures fully made my hike worth while.

The sight of a Blackburnian warbler, a black-and-white striped bird with a brilliant orange head, catching minute insects in a newly-leaved soft maple as the sun flashed its rays upon it; the sight of a blue bird with its soft coloring and rosy-red breast winging its way to its nest in a tree; the sight of a purple finch high in a sycamore tree early in the morning picking seeds from the sycamore balls; or a glimpse of a cardinal with its brilliant red plumage and yellow bill picking up corn on the snow only convinces me that observation of bird life is an intriguing hobby.

Some of the prettiest music I have ever heard comes from the throats of birds. The warbling, musical, bubbling song of a wood thrush deep in the



woods, like a stream filled with joy; the sweet soothing call of a field sparrow, as it sweeps the fields for insects; the mournful call of a sleepy mourning dove sitting on a telephone wire; the cheery call of a cardinal; the musical caroling of a rose-breasted grosbeak eating cherries in the spring; the musical burst of the song of a house wren in the back-yard grape vines; the bell-like ring of the junco's call as it works north in the spring; and the spontaneous call of a brown thrasher perched high in a tree; all these songs are much prettier and lovelier to me than any of the music produced by man.

The unusual songs of other birds always provide me with an unlimited amount of amusement. The tufted titmouse is continually calling for a lost friend. "Peter, Peter, Peter," can be heard everywhere when a tufted titmouse is around. Then there is the clear call of a white-throated sparrow calling: "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." The oven bird sounds as if it were yelling—"Teacher, teacher, teacher," and the more familiar blue jay calls everyone a thief. The killdeer, phoebe, peewee, whip-poor-will, and chickadee announce their arrival by singing their own name. The belted kingfisher makes a dry wood-like rattle as it flies with peculiar uneven wing-beats from one fishing area to another.

One of the interesting things about birds is the antics that they can display which are like a side-show at times. Each bird has a few characteristic tricks of its own. A black and white warbler starts up a tree in one direction and then heads the other way, which results in a zig-zag motion all the way up the tree. The brown creeper starts at the base of a tree and works its way upward as if it were climbing a spiral staircase. Around and around it goes. The gold finch also has an unusual peculiarity. When it flies, it doesn't fly in a straight line. It flies in an up-and-down motion. First flapping its wings with a tremendous effort, it gains altitude. Then, like a clowning diver who holds his arms at his sides, the gold finch plunges earthward for three or four feet. Resuming its wing motion again, the gold finch regains altitude, thus starting the whole process all over again. Why it doesn't flap its wings continuously I cannot explain, but it always bounces through the air. The oven bird also can be most startling when you first see it. It is a bird about the size of a sparrow. Most birds do their traveling on the ground by hopping. But no, not this bird, it just calmly comes walking out from under a bush, gives you the eye, and struts majestically back in. The phoebe seems to have an itch in its tail, for it continuously wags its tail whenever the bird is resting on a limb. The Louisiana water thrush appears to be dodging unseen missiles, for it is always bobbing up and down.

It is always the unexpected that gives me a thrill. While on a bird hike once, I was astonished to find a little bird, not much bigger than a chicken egg, flitting through the low bushes. So tiny, but not afraid, it would let me come within ten feet of it. At first I thought this drab, olive green little bird was rather unattractive. But I was soon to discover differently, for it tipped



its head over toward me, and in the bright sunlight glowed a brilliant red spot on the top of its head. It looked as if a painter had accidentally dropped some red paint upon it. This ruby-crowned kinglet, as it is justly called, may be a small bird in itself, but it had more beauty than I first suspected.

Another one of my entertaining, unpredictable birds is the crested flycatcher. Perhaps you have heard the "woody-woodpecker" laugh, the great Gildersleeve laugh, a loon laugh, or a friend who has a crazy laugh. I have heard them all, and I thought that for laughs, they were tops! This was before I heard a crested flycatcher laugh. Every time I hear it, a big smile spreads from ear to ear, and before I know it I am lying on the grass, rolling over and over with laughter. It can't be described and can only be appreciated when one has heard it, but it has provided me with no end of amusement.

Not all of my trips have been in a woods. I have walked, during the spring migration of birds, as little as four blocks away from my home in Champaign and have seen as many as forty different kinds of birds.

But the most unusual bird that I have ever observed was discovered while I was camping on the shore of Lake Michigan. The day was hot, but the sand of the dunes felt comfortably warm. I was laboring up the side of one of the larger dunes when I suddenly heard a sound like a child's horn on a tricycle—"Beep, beep,—beep." That seemed very odd to me, for a sandy dune was certainly no place for a child on a tricycle. Again I heard the sound—"Beep! Beep!" and then I discovered it. Flitting through the top of a pine tree was a little bird which had absolutely no more respect for gravity than a man on the moon. Out across the limb, back underneath the limb, and straight down the tree-trunk, head first it went. No other bird ever does this. A bug just hasn't a chance against this "up-side-down" red-breasted nuthatch.

But the biggest thrill I ever had in observing birds was the time when I was on a canoe trip in Wisconsin. Camp was set up, and I was enjoying a short hike through the woods. Suddenly a tremendously loud, penetrating call echoed through the trees. I knew it was a bird, for the call sounded similar to a flicker's call, but I was totally unprepared for what happened next. A large shadow went through the trees above, and then I saw the bird alight on the side of a tree ahead. It looked like a bomber as it came swooping down to the tree. It was an enormous woodpecker fully a foot and a half tall. The solid black body with a large white stripe on each side of the neck, the brilliant red pointed crest, and the large bill made it resemble a man dressed in a tuxedo, going to a dance. The moment I saw it I knew that it was a pileated woodpecker, but I never dreamed that I would ever get to see a real one.

So I have come to believe that in the realm of nature there is always something unusual, unpredictable, and unexpected to discover. Each bird note draws my attention like a magnet and helps me to appreciate the beauties and wonders of creation.

# Stahl in Defense of Monogamy

ANITA MAE STAHL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

HOW VERY MUCH THE TYPICAL, EGOTISTICAL, MAN MR. Brown did sound in his discussion of polygamy! I, as a woman, feel that the only thing which he need be praised for is the courage he must have had to put before the public his false and thoroughly ridiculous ideas. I am sure that had he not been a trifle under the weather (this is merely a lady-like way of saying "plastered") he would never have been brave enough to voice them even to a close masculine friend.

Needless to say, I heartily disagree with what Mr. Brown says. Please don't misunderstand me. I have nothing against Mr. Brown. He, I am sure, is really a meek, submissive little man with a receding forehead and spectacles before his near-sighted eyes, definitely not the type to speak back to one wife, let alone five. Rather, I am opposed to Mr. Brown's ideas, which are really the ideas of the conceited, self-centered, average man. How little they know about women!

Mr. Brown stated that his friend lacked imagination, but he himself is the one without it. His thoughts brought him only the points he considered good and left him there. He did not consider the obvious bad points. How blind men are! Lacking time and space, I will not repeat the arguments of Waldo of Mr. Brown's theme. These were all good points, showing that Waldo is a man of great intellect and culture, even if his name does make him sound like a trained seal. I will try to look at this from a man's point of view and show that all of the little things that a man finds disagreeable would be multiplied by the number of wives he had.

For instance, I wonder how Mr. Brown feels about his mother-in-law. Would the happiness he achieves by having five wives make up for having five mothers-in-law? I doubt it.

Early in his article Mr. Brown stated a definite dislike for women's bridge parties. Would five bridge parties be better than one? I think not. (Please note I refrain from any derogatory remarks about men's poker games, which are thoroughly disgusting.)

Mr. Brown was staying home, taking care of his children. With five wives he would have five times as many children, five times as many childish questions to answer, five times as many sticky lollipops to sit on, and, unable to handle about twenty-five children alone, he would have to hire a whole crew of baby sitters. Did this occur to Mr. Brown when he so staunchly fought for polygamy? Apparently not.

My strongest and last point is one which I feel rather guilty about since it



means I am telling a feminine trade secret. I will tell it, if only for the pleasure of deflating a few male egos. Does Mr. Brown realize how his wives would manage him? Few men know it, but they say and do exactly what their wives tell them to, even if they think they are their own boss. Women accomplish this in various ways. Perhaps the most frequently used method is the contrary one. We know that men (such obstinate things) will do exactly the opposite of what we tell them. Therefore, if we want the door open we tell a man to shut it, and we can be sure that it will remain open. I can not divulge any more methods because they are universal secrets, but I think you get the idea. Mr. Brown now does exactly what one wife wants him to do. Five wives would make Mr. Brown a very busy man.

I feel that no more arguments are necessary. In fact, none were ever really necessary because no matter how long Mr. Brown and other pompous males will argue, they can never win. You see, they are opposed by women and that makes all the difference.

## Black Magic

MARVIN E. MAYER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

MANY YEARS AGO THERE LIVED IN BOLOGNA, ITALY, A cobbler named Vincenzo Cascariolo, who pursued the interesting art of alchemy. During an expedition to Mt. Pesoro, his attention was attracted by the sparkle of a heavy rock which glistened with an unearthly brilliance.<sup>1</sup> Greatly excited, he lugged it home and heated it in his furnace, hoping it would enable him to produce gold. But much to his sorrow, it did not.

In the spring of 1944, three hundred and forty-two years later, a scientist, not an alchemist, brought another rock back from the mountains. Beneath ordinary light it was a drab, gray stone which no one would look at twice. But in darkness, under ultra-violet light, it burst into a mass of exuberant red, flecked with spots of vivid green.<sup>2</sup> In the last few years, dozens of men like him have been bringing home rocks, natural and synthetic, grinding them up, causing them to emit weird hues, and doing astonishing things that the old cobbler never dreamed of doing. Where Cascariolo failed, they have succeeded, producing wealth that would have made the old man dizzy.

They call this peculiar behavior "fluorescence," a word that will do as well

<sup>1</sup> "Fluorescence," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 9 (1946 ed.), p. 422.

<sup>2</sup> Judith Richardson, "Color Magic with Black Light," *Popular Mechanics*, vol. 891 (June, 1945), p. 107.

as any other. The name was first used because fluorspar is one of the long list of substances which emits light of various specific colors upon stimulation by certain wave lengths from a part of the spectrum which man does not ordinarily use. The cobbler's curious find sparkled as it did because the ultra-violet part of the sun's rays evoked its fluorescence. If he had possessed the equipment of our modern laboratories, he would have been even more astonished by its brilliance.

Armed with invisible ultra-violet light and varieties of materials which fluoresce, physicists and illumination engineers are playing a fascinating game these days. From the array of bottles, they pour little mounds of powder on a bench, powders which are all white under daylight or ordinary lamp light. When the "black light" is turned on in the dark laboratory, each mound glows with its own characteristic fluorescence color, and the experimenter is confronted with a dazzling rainbow spectacle of pastel blues, greens and yellows. The familiar color of an object which happens to possess fluorescence has no relation to its hue when stimulated by ultra-violet. We call a fresh egg white or brown because it looks that way under ordinary light. Under ultra-violet of the right wave length, it has a reddish glow. "Black light" can analyze a pretty girl's face with very uncomplimentary keenness: the powder around the roots of a girl's hair is purple; the dye in her hair is gray; the wash applied around her eyes to make them sparkle is yellow; her rouge is yellow, and if she smokes, there is a yellowish color around her mouth due to nicotine stain.<sup>3</sup>

However, the difference does not stop there. The light which comes from an object under daylight is only a reflection, but a fluorescent object activated by ultra-violet becomes an extraordinarily efficient converter or middleman of light on its own account. Because of this property, the "black magic" of 1602 is a modern tool which within a single decade has become indispensable in industry, commerce, and scientific analyses. "Fluorescence," which yesterday was an obscure and poorly used word used only by physicists, is now on everyone's tongue, and there is hardly a street in America where its effect is not visible.

When the big fairs of New York and San Francisco opened their gates in 1939 with their bright prophesies of a brave new world, one of the first things that impressed the visitors was a glass wand which gave out a new kind of light.<sup>4</sup> At the Flushing spectacle, more than ten miles of these tubes produced a soft, diffused, yet powerful illumination, unlike anything that had been seen before. Glowing in many colors, they flooded the streets and exhibits with hues unrivaled in purity and brilliance and played a major part in creating the atmosphere of a futuristic wonderland.

What people saw was the public unveiling of fluorescent light, the first

<sup>3</sup> Jim Marshall, "That New Black Magic," *Collier's*, vol. 113 (Sept. 30, 1944), p. 66.

<sup>4</sup> Harland Manchester, *New World of Machines*, pp. 66-67.



radical departure in illumination since Edison's invention of the filament electric bulb. Dazzled by the glittering parade of novelties, spectators dismissed the luminous tube as only another new toy for the decoration of fairs and carnivals. In this opinion, they were not alone. Even many lighting experts who recognized the revolutionary nature of the new light believed that it would be used only for advertising and display, like a neon sign. All doubters were caught off balance, for since that time, fluorescent lighting has swept the country in a boom of amazing proportions.

The new lamp uses a completely new method for converting electricity into light. It has no filament like the ordinary light bulb. Mercury vapor in the tube gives off ultra-violet light when the current is passed through it, and the ultra-violet light, striking a chalklike chemical coating with which the tube is lined, is converted into light suitable for illumination.<sup>5</sup> It is pleasanter, cooler, easier on the eyes, and vastly more efficient than any other light ever invented for general use.

In offices, stores, and restaurants, the quality of the new light is quickly noticeable, for every corner of the room appears to be flooded with soft, evenly distributed light. Overhead in clusters, or perhaps fixed vertically on the walls, are the gleaming tubular fluorescent bars, sometimes bare, sometimes partially shielded with grids made of glass or a translucent porcelain-like plastic. In either case, you can look at the tubes without hurting your eyes. You will notice that like Peter Pan, you have lost your shadow. This is because the sharp "point lighting" of the ordinary bulb has been eliminated. The tube has ten times the surface area of a regular light bulb of the same wattage, so the light is spread out as evenly as melted butter on a piece of toast.

But this use is only one phase of the fluorescent boom. The active principle of the lamp has been adapted to a score of important uses. It has given pathologists a valuable new weapon in the study of disease; it saves the crops of the potato farmers; detects mould and adulteration in foodstuffs, and it has a multitude of combat uses where "seeing in the dark" may save lives.<sup>6</sup> Re-activated fluorescent dye powders have saved many aviators forced down at sea as the addition of this powder to the water tints a large area, making it visible to rescue planes. Maps may be encased in a fluorescent plastic which makes them visible when exposed to a "black light."<sup>7</sup> Another modern achievement is the answer to the problem of marking laundry. People mark their clothing with a fluorescent dye and the man who makes up the packages and sorts the garments works under invisible light.

Many years ago, Dr. Robert W. Wood, noted for his brilliant contributions to the knowledge of fluorescence as well as for his scientific pranks, brought forth the spectacular stage effect by which a line of chorus girls could be suddenly transformed into dancing skeletons or a row of bodiless shoes,

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 69.

<sup>6</sup> "Safer Future Promised," *Science News Letter*, vol. 15 (May 13, 1944), p. 317.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

gloves and hats.<sup>8</sup> This is done by painting the costumes with fluorescent material which cannot be seen under ordinary theatre lights. When the lights are turned out and the stage flooded with invisible ultra-violet light, only fluorescent markings are visible; advertising billboards have used the same technique to make a sign carry a double message at night, when lit alternately with ordinary bulbs and "black light." Night clubs also use it. At the turn of a switch, walls which are ordinarily blank blossom forth with romantic, tropical vistas. These uses and numerous others make this mystery of yesterday the hope of the future.

From the cobbler's discovery of the "Bologna stone," as it was then called, to the experimentations of today, fluorescence has helped revolutionize the modern age.

<sup>8</sup> Harland Manchester, *New World of Machines*, p. 79.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

"Fluorescence," *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1946 ed., vol. 11, p. 401.

"Fluorescence," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1946 ed., vol. 9, pp. 422-426.

LUCKIESH, M., *The Lighting Art*, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, 1917.

MANCHESTER, HARLAND, *New World of Machines*, Random House of Canada Limited, Canada, 1945.

MARSHALL, JIM, "That New Black Magic," *Collier's*, vol. 113, pp. 66-75 (September 30, 1944).

"More Light Urged," *Business Week*, vol. 871, pp. 39-41 (May 11, 1946).

RICHARDSON, JUDITH, "Color Magic with Black Light," *Popular Mechanics*, vol. 891, pp. 106-112 (June, 1945).

"Safer Future Promised," *Science News Letter*, vol. 15, p. 317 (May 13, 1944).

## Attic Reminiscence

WILLIAM LOYD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 15*

"SPRING CLEANING." UGH! WHAT A WORD! JUST BE-  
cause it's that time of year, I have to piddle around doing work for my mom.

"Bill, I want you to clean out that box of junk that's cluttering up the attic," she says.

What I say shouldn't be mentioned.

The idea! Just because it's a gloomy rainy day, I should do some work around the house. Oh well, I guess there's no getting out of it; the law has been passed, and the penalty for refusing is high. I might as well dump the whole box. There's nothing in it except some old shoes, a dance program, a red hat, and some old letters.

Hmm. I haven't seen the loafers for a long time. I wonder where I bought



them? Wasn't it in Portland, Oregon, three years ago? Of course, and that dance program—it's from the Junior-Senior Prom at Gresham High School. On the last page of the program there is a note signed with the same name that is stitched on the red hat: Gay Wilson.

Gay lived in Portland, fifteen miles from Gresham, and, during the summers, stayed at her uncle's farm which was next to ours. We met late in the summer before the prom, when my family moved to Gresham. Soon she was wearing my class ring, and during the school year I went into Portland every week-end to see her. The other fellows were clearly resentful of a newcomer going steady with the best-looking girl in town, and I was very jealous of anyone who even looked at her. We used to take long walks and discuss how we would be married and settle down in some little town after graduation.

Then, one day after the prom, some of the fellows at school told me a rumor that Gay was going out with a boy from Portland. Like a fool I believed it, and the next week-end I went to see her, building up jealous hate as I drove along the highway. When I accused her of going out with another boy she denied it, but I was so mad I wouldn't believe her. In the quarrel that followed, she gave back my ring and said she didn't want to see me again.

Then, to make things worse, my father decided he didn't like the Oregon climate, and we moved back to Illinois. I wrote letters telling her that I was sorry and wished to come back to see her, but the letters were returned with "address not known" stamped on them. After awhile I forgot about her and found a new girl, but even now I can see her face and hear her voice.

"Bill." Her voice seems to float out of the past and find my ears.

"Bill?" The voice comes again—this time questioningly.

"Bill!" There's no question in the voice now as its indignant tone cuts through the haze. "Haven't you finished with the box yet?"

"Yes, I'm finished."

## Voice in the Wilderness

BENJAMIN T. BROWN

*Rhetoric 102*

AN ENGLISH TEACHER IN A SMALL HIGH-SCHOOL RE-  
cently asked his pupils to name one of the works of Heinrich Heine. No one answered. In exasperation, and perhaps desperation, he asked for the name of one of Thomas B. Costain's books. This time the show of hands was gratifying. Or perhaps gratifying is hardly the word. At any rate, the instructor was appalled to realize what most thinking people have known for quite some time—the classics are simply no longer read.

Of course, when we say that they are no longer read, we merely mean it figuratively. In fact, the classics have never been widely read in this country, and the present day book clubs make it more and more unlikely that they ever shall be. When senior students in high school do not recognize Heine, the time is certainly long past for a change in the nation's reading habit.

The mail order book clubs are the one most important factor in controlling the book selection of the vast majority of our people. They are guilty of an actual crime in the way in which they meet this responsibility—if it can be said that they attempt to meet it at all.

Those addicts of the popular printed narcotic have certain standardized arguments that are presented with monotonous regularity as justification for themselves. It is said that people read more now than ever before and that the book clubs are responsible for it. Sadly enough this is quite true, to a certain extent, but the fault lies in the fact that the reading is indiscriminate.

Indiscriminate reading makes a jumbled mind and provides no basis on which a discriminating criticism may be made, and therefore the average person depends on the Sunday supplement to tell him which books are good and which are not. It is an insult to imply that one has not the intelligence to choose for himself, but it is an insult that is swallowed along with the pabulum of modern fiction.

It is said that the book clubs are bringing a broader outlook and a more liberal education to millions of people to whom it would ordinarily not have been available. But the "outlook," if we may be excused the ambiguity of the term, is not only broadened, it is warped and twisted. Those historical novels, so called, of which there has been such a deluge recently, do not present a true picture of history. History is exciting and romantic, yes, but it is so because of its reality. History obtains its drama and force by the comparison of every day life in the past with that of today. We are quite certain, moreover, that the impression of an epoch left in the mind of the reader of a modern novel concerned with that particular bit of time, is a jumbled mass of inaccuracies and faulty conclusions. The genuine information that may be present is obscured by the reader's concern over the Junoesque heroine who seems to fall into everyone's bed more or less automatically.

The staunch supporters of book clubs may always be heard to say, at some time in the discussion, that people couldn't read and understand the greats if given the chance. This attitude is only attributable to an ignorance on their part of what makes an author truly great. It is first of all the simplicity and universality of his writings that makes him or her remembered. It is the fact that these authors are on a common footing with every man and they write in the universal language of power and passion that all men can understand.

The fact that the book clubs are huge money makers is not an argument in their favor. The money obtained by fraud from another person carries a



taint that cannot be erased by all the platitudes and aphorisms contained between the covers of their publications. Moreover, the very ignorance of the person on whom these scavengers prey is fostered and abetted by the same method by which they are robbed.

However, the picture is not quite so black as we may have painted it. There are a few book clubs who do bring out the works of those worthy of acclaim and who make them available in price to most people. Yet it is not enough. The flood of erotica now on the market acts as an impulse to a conditioned reflex, and people buy the book with the greater expanse of bare skin displayed on the dust jacket. These dust jackets themselves are reason enough for the abolition of book clubs and are contributing factors in the general insane attitude toward sex in this country.

## Dead End

RALPH BUTLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S *DEAD END* URGES REFORM IN THE slum environment existing in many American cities. The story concerns a group of boys, a cripple and his girl friend, a prostitute, and a murderer. All the characters are represented as helpless in determining their fate. Because of his physical affliction, the cripple will have to go through life dreaming of the architect he wanted to be. It is ironic that this man, possessing the ability to design slum clearance projects, is prevented from doing so because of the same slum conditions which he could correct. The future of the boys is exemplified in the murderer who had grown up in the poverty of the same street and was well steeped in the apprenticeship in crime offered by slum life. Although sweet and unspoiled, the girl friend seems fated to follow in the steps of the prostitute.

I believe that Kingsley was very skilful in choosing the title of his play. The two words *Dead End* have a twofold meaning. Superficially the words describe the setting of the play, a street ending in the East River of New York. Considering the purpose of the play, however, of more importance is the conception that *Dead End* represents the wall of poverty and ignorance which keep the characters from rising above their present state. The neat apartments they hope for will never supplant the dirty tenements for these people, unless others more fortunate help them. The author stresses the fact that without outside help his protagonists are destined to sink deeper into the mire of frustration and disappointment.

In the play, the group of people who might have aided the slum inhabitants are oblivious of their humanitarian opportunities. By introducing for brief moments in the play people who live in a luxurious new apartment building, Kingsley makes sharper the contrast between the people who seem to have all they desire and those who have nothing. As street repairs prohibit use of the front door, the back entrance which opens onto the dead end street must be used by the residents of the apartment. Their elegance and wealth is vividly compared with the degradation of the urchins and other inhabitants of the street. Socialities emerging from the gateway see the paper littered pavement and filthy river and hurry up the street to escape the distasteful sight.

## The Dreyfus Affair

JOEL CORD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

FRANCE IN THE EARLY 1890's WAS CONFRONTED WITH A struggle between two opposing political traditions, Liberalism and Nationalism. The conflict arose from the constant clashing between the diametrically opposed doctrines employed by the respective ideologies. Liberalism, on the one hand, stood for the then existing Third Republic, for social justice, for separation of Church and state, and for the allaying of military influence in the government. Nationalism, on the other hand, stood for everything the liberals resented: unity of the Catholic Church and the government, return of the monarchy, greater military influence in the government, and the formation of arch-reactionary domestic and foreign policies. All of these it stood for, and all of these it came very close to realizing.<sup>1</sup>

Of these two traditions it is the latter that interests us most. The liberal tradition was a direct heritage from the Revolution, while the nationalistic tradition found its roots in much more complicated, not to say less noble, sources.

The French "integral nationalism," as it was called, was an outgrowth of a coalition of Jesuit, military, and aristocratic elements. This nationalism found its popular backing in the reaction of the French people to the military defeats, the financial scandals, and the political indignities that they had so recently experienced in the Franco-German War of 1871, the Panama incident, and the Commune of Paris. This nascent nationalism was manifested in growing anti-Semitic sentiments, ultra patriotism, and the return of the Catholic Church to power in France.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Adele Cross, *British Reactions to the Dreyfus Case* (Urbana, 1935), p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Wilhelm Herzog, *From Dreyfus to Petain: The Struggle of a Republic* (New York, 1947), p. 18.

The cause of the rise and spectacular growth of the "integral nationalism" at this time has been traced directly to the Church by many historians.<sup>3</sup> The Church, through the agents of its secret societies, sought to regain its past power in France. Its influence was seen once more to manifest itself in the working class, and in the military and royalty circles.

The institution that fell most heavily under the Church's influence was the army, the most powerful and unimpeachable institution in France. It was backed and attended by the aspiring monarchists and power-thirsty clergy, and by the propertied bourgeoisie. In the army the bourgeoisie saw their only chance of survival and protection from the "rule of the mob" era that the Republic supposedly had ushered in. So, in the strength of the army, the propertied class saw their only strength and salvation.<sup>4</sup>

Thus in the early 1890's France, politically, was in what could be described as a state of tranquil uneasiness. Only a minor incident was needed to "awaken and inflame all the latent antithesis, all the passion, ideas, and emotions slumbering in the French People."<sup>5</sup> This incident was not long to be waited for.

\* \* \* \*

Alfred Dreyfus was born on October 9, 1859. He was the fifth son of rich, factory-owning, Jewish parents—members of the upper bourgeoisie. All his brothers entered into their father's business, Alfred being the only one to choose the military profession. Alfred studied at Ecole Polytechnique, entered the army as a lieutenant of artillery, and rose to the rank of captain in 1889. He then received an appointment to the Ministry of War.<sup>6</sup> He was the first Jew (despite resistance from several superior officers who did not want him on the staff) to obtain a place on the General Staff. He is described as a person of superior intelligence, as an extraordinary worker, and as very ambitious. Nevertheless, due to some disagreeable traits of character, he was unpopular with his fellows.<sup>7</sup> Some sources found his personality nil. He was described by these sources as being "incapable of arousing personal enthusiasm,"<sup>8</sup> and of having "a pure and simple nature, utterly devoid of personal magnitude."<sup>9</sup> Clemenceau, one of his great champions, once observed of Dreyfus' personality: "No one will ever be able to reproach us that we were carried away by his personality. He did not possess any."<sup>10</sup> He married a wealthy Jewish girl in 1890 and became a father to two sons.

So much for Dreyfus; for, you see, his was really a part of very minor

<sup>3</sup> "Clericalism and the Dreyfus Case," *Current Literature*, XLI (August, 1906), 1445.

<sup>4</sup> Herzog, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 10.

<sup>6</sup> "Alfred Dreyfus," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, VII, 661.

<sup>7</sup> Cross, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

<sup>8</sup> "Clericalism and the Dreyfus Case," p. 1445.

<sup>9</sup> "Ten Years Later—The most Celebrated Case in History," *Bookman*, XVIII (1908), 154-62.

<sup>10</sup> Herzog, *op. cit.*, p. 103.



importance in the great *affaire* bearing his name. He is symbolic of the unfortunate innocents who are always being hurt when great forces, with which they are totally unconnected and unconcerned, clash.

In and around 1890 French documents had been "leaking out" to the interested German and Italian Governments. Colonel Schwarzkoppen, German military attaché to the Paris embassy, formed a connection with Colonel Panizzardi, Italian military attaché; and together they bought French military documents from a draftsman named Dubois. They referred to him only as "D." One of the notes, in which "D" was mentioned, was intercepted by the French Secret Service. Thus the French intelligence Service were aware of this traffic in official secrets for sometime before the *affaire* occurred.

In 1893 a Major Walsin Esterhazy of the French Army Staff agreed to sell military secrets to Schwarzkoppen for 2000 francs a week and a bonus for especially valuable information. This Esterhazy bore the most miserable reputation imaginable: he was known as a profligate and rogue, was distrusted by his colleagues, and was universally considered a dishonor to the army. One day, during the spring of 1894, he had dropped into the letter box of the German Embassy a memorandum enumerating five documents which he promised to obtain. This was the famous *bordereau*.

One Bruckner, a discharged secret agent seeking to return to the good graces of his employers once more, saw Esterhazy drop the *bordereau* into the German mail box. He retrieved it and delivered it to Major Henry of the Secret Service. Henry accepted it and told Bruckner to return the next day. Bruckner was never heard of again. Henry, upon Bruckner's leaving, tore the *bordereau* up into little pieces. As he was depositing the pieces in a trash basket, a Colonel Sandherr entered. When questioned by Sandherr about what he was doing with the scraps of paper, Henry replied that a charwoman spy had just delivered them to him and that he was trying to piece them together. The two of them did manage to piece the note together and a search for the spy was immediately begun. Henry, of course, was the only one who knew the identity of the real culprits, and it was later proved that Henry was Esterhazy's partner in these clandestine deals.

The victim of the search was Dreyfus. His name began with "D"; he was in a position to possess the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*; there was a similarity between his and the handwriting on the *bordereau*; and, above all, he was a Jew.

Dreyfus was arrested on the morning of October 15, 1894. Colonel du Paty de Clam had dictated phrases from the *bordereau* to Dreyfus, and, on the assumption that he saw the latter's fingers tremble, ordered him placed in prison.

Forzinetti, the governor of the prison, impressed by the sincerity of the protestations of innocence on the part of Dreyfus, declared his belief that the

prisoner was not guilty. He was relieved of his position shortly after, in consequence of his candor.

The case, because of the fragility of material evidence, might have been dropped had it not been that du Paty and Henry released some reports of it to the anti-Semitic press. The press at once began to stir up public hatred. General Mercier, head of the Ministry of War at this time, disliked by this powerful reactionary group, in order to gain their favor, ordered an indictment drawn up against Dreyfus. The report, dated December 3, 1894, consisted mainly of presumptions, vague stories, conjectures, and unproved accusations.

Mercier, his office and popularity now hanging in the balance, did not hesitate to commit illegality in order to secure a conviction. A secret *dossier* was made up, consisting of eight documents which had been stolen from foreign embassies. Because these were not damaging in themselves, du Paty de Clam wrote a "covering letter" in which he spoke of each, stressing the unapparent implication, so that they tried to indict Dreyfus. One note mentioned "D." The other note was a forgery of a telegram that Panizzardi had sent on November 4 to the Italian government. The note, truly interpreted, indicated Dreyfus' innocence, but by forgery it was made to directly implicate him.

On December 19, 1894, the court martial of Dreyfus was held behind closed doors. The *dossier*, without the knowledge of the accused, or his counsel, was communicated to the judges. Thus, what would have been an acquittal was turned into a conviction, and Dreyfus was sentenced to life in prison and public degradation. On January 9, 1895, the French Chamber of Deputies passed an unconstitutional law, unconstitutional because it was *ex post facto*, designating Devil's Island as the place at which Dreyfus was to be imprisoned. Dreyfus arrived there on April 13, 1895.

The reactionaries and anti-Semites were in triumph. They were turning a minor political incident into a major political victory.

Now only the Dreyfus family believed in Alfred's innocence.

It was about April 13, 1895, that a change in the erstwhile thought helpless case occurred. In 1896, Colonel Georges Picquart, newly named head of the Intelligence Bureau, came across evidence that indicated that a French officer, no other than Major Esterhazy, was the culprit. Picquart laid this information before his superior officers, General de Boisdeffre and General Gouse, the chief and deputy chief of the General Staff. They were convinced of Dreyfus' guilt and, unwilling to have the matter reopened, forbade him to pursue his enquiries. To prevent his reopening the matter, they had him sent to Tunisia.

In November, 1897, Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of Alfred, by the merest chance learned that the handwriting of the *bordereau* was that of Esterhazy. He sent this information to the Minister of War, accusing Esterhazy. He also published the letter containing the information sent to the Minister of War in the *Figaro*, thus precipitating the feelings of all involved to greater passions of

violence. The general was unwilling to own that a mistake had been made, for, as the saying was then, "No matter who is wrong, the army is right."<sup>11</sup>

The Republic, in recognition of the liberal element's demand, had Esterhazy sent before a military tribunal; but, in a travesty of justice, the General Staff secured his acquittal. Thus, the honor of the army was temporarily saved.

The Dreyfusards were enraged. On January 13, 1898, two days after Esterhazy's acquittal, Emile Zola published in Clemenceau's journal, *L'Aurore*, under the title "J' accuse," the famous open letter to the president of the Republic in which he accused the General Staff of perpetrating a miscarriage of justice. At the instance of the Ministry of War, proceedings were taken against Zola. He was condemned to two years imprisonment, but he took refuge in England where feelings were high for the Dreyfusard cause. The French reactionary press was quick to heap their vituperation upon him.

Due to the unhushable calls for revision sounded by the French liberal political wing, the Court of Cassation, as a result of a long review of the case, annulled the Dreyfus sentence and ordered a new trial before a court martial at Remmes. This decision came in 1898.

The court martial was in session for a month. Dreyfus, who had been brought to France on the order of the government, attended this second mockery of justice. On September 9, 1899, an incredulous world heard the sentence—guilty with extenuating circumstances and condemned to ten years imprisonment.

On September 19, 1899, the government decided to pardon Dreyfus. He was immediately set at liberty.

At the end of 1903, further facts which came to light led to a demand for a second hearing and a long, detailed enquiry. On July 12, 1906, the court of appeal finally quashed the sentence of 1894. Dreyfus was reinstated in the army with the rank of major of artillery. He resigned in July, 1907.

In June, 1908, on the occasion of the transfer of Zola's ashes to the Pantheon, an anti-Semite journalist, Gregori, fired two shots at Dreyfus and wounded him slightly. Thus another infamy was added to the long list of those perpetrated against him.

He re-enlisted in the army during World War I and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1918. Shortly afterwards, he was awarded the Legion of Honor.

He lived quietly in retirement after the war in Paris, and died June 12, 1935.<sup>12</sup>

\* \* \*

The effect of the *affaire* on French politics was that of a tornado on a calm wheat field. From a relatively tranquil nation, France was changed into a veritable mad house. Every base and mean human instinct was projected into

<sup>11</sup> Cross *op. cit.*, pp. 9 ff.

<sup>12</sup> *Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 661.



a civil war to break out, and thus consummate the tragedy. There were times the press of the world sat on edge, waiting for news of revolution or at least a civil war to break out. There were times when the charges and counter charges of the participants seemed to be pushing France headlong into a war with Germany and Italy. There were times, a great many times, when the world, stunned and appalled by the ridiculousness of the case, the absurdity of the charges, and the vicious travesty that took place in the name of justice, could express its reaction only by an incredulous shaking of its head. Yet, what was the outcome of it all? Were the forces of hate and reaction dealt a death blow? Was a nation united under the proud banners of a rejuvenated, liberalized Republic?

In effect, the Dreyfus case concluded only in compromise. The arch-reactionary influence grew passive; the bourgeoisie Republic had obtained a short lease on life.

The great intellectuals who had identified themselves with the Dreyfus cause were outraged from beginning to end by the events of the *affaire*. Men like Clemenceau, Zola, and Anatole France, to name a few, declared that either truth or injustice must be brought to complete triumph. To compromise was to court disaster. History, in the form of the Vichy Government, teaches us how right they were.

In the Dreyfus *affaire*, Fascism, for the first time, reared its ugly head above the chaos of European politics. All that Germany was to use so successfully in later years was here first utilized: the control of the passions of the masses through great hate campaigns directed at minorities; the idea of the dominance of the military over the civil in delegated governmental powers; the dissemination of mass propaganda to achieve their ends. All this, and more, was ushered in by the Dreyfus *affaire*. A new era manifested itself in the trends of European politics.

And how did the world react, as a whole, to the Dreyfus *affaire*? I think it would be reasonable to say that, judging from the international press, the world opinion fell strongly on the side of the Dreyfusards. The British press was so virulent in its attacks on French justice, French reactions, and French politics that a breaking off of diplomatic relations was almost effected between the two countries.<sup>13</sup>

Another international effect was the strong reaction against Catholicism displayed in some countries, notably England and Germany, because of the Church's hand in the ignominious affair. The raging anti-Semitism did not spread beyond the borders of France, and within these borders it, in its organized form, soon grew passive.

And so the Dreyfus *affaire*. There have been other great scandals in the history of modern civilization, but this one happened in France—and who can rival the French in the realm of the spectacular?

<sup>13</sup> Cross, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

# Wanted: A Gal

MARILYN MINKS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

**W**ANTED: ONE ELIGIBLE GIRL TO ACCOMPANY A chicken-loving male to a feather-loving contest. Must be not more than 6' 7" tall, mentally able to distinguish a duck from a chicken, and physically able to pull a feather. Qualified prospects please call Dateless Dudes Dating Den before Saturday.

Perhaps this example is somewhat exaggerated, but it helps to make clear the situation of blind dates.

A blind date is really just two people who have never met and who are going out on their first date. In most cases there is a third party who "fixes them up." This person is usually a friend, roommate, or maybe just an acquaintance who knows someone who wants a date.

What happens then? This person first thinks, "Who do I know that would like to go, or would go as a personal favor to me?" Then comes that question—"Gonna be busy Saturday night? I wish you would go with a friend of mine—he's really swell—six feet tall, and a wonderful conversationalist. You would like him! How about it?"

Maybe the fellow lives clear out where he doesn't have a chance to meet girls, or all of his classes consist of nothing but boys, so that he never even sees any girls. Or he could even be a visiting friend or cousin from some far away place who wants a movie date.

If the description suits, and the girl is agreeable, they should be all set to go—but where? The fellow nearly always has something in mind when he asks for the date, so that isn't a big problem.

When the appointed time arrives, which should be more than a half hour after the invitation, there comes the problem of getting together and being introduced. The person who has arranged the date sometimes doubles with them, and he or she must make the introductions. From then on it's up to the fellow and girl to make the date as interesting and enjoyable as possible.

Blind dates make it possible for fellows and girls to meet and become acquainted who would not otherwise have the opportunity. They start many friendships and tend to broaden the person's scope of interest.

Of course they are not all successful, but if not they can always be another mark in the huge book of experience.

Whether you get her through the Dateless Dudes Dating Den to enter a feather-pulling contest, or through a mutual friend for a coke date, you will find blind dates a part of being young and having fun!

# A Nourished Mind—the Engineer

BERNARD STEBEL  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

**M**Y MOTHER ALWAYS BEGAN HER STORIES WITH "ONCE upon a time." Being a very affectionate and sentimental lad, I dedicate the first four words of this paper to my mother.

Once upon a time, in my impressionable childhood, I thought of an engineer as the epitome of intelligence, the highest product of higher education. Since the passing of the "growing pain" stage of my development into the more fertile period of serious thought and wise actions, my opinions of the wielder of the slide-rule have slipped down the scale to where they now stand—disgust.

To my knowledge there is no more empty, mal-nourished, and duller mind than that of the graduate engineer. (Those still studying have a minute chance of recovery.) Being a tolerant person, I try to understand these men, but find it a difficult task to accomplish. Last month I wrote a friend of mine, a student of chemical engineering at Carnegie Tech, inquiring about the usual things: sex, studies, the cold-war, and various other topics which require a measure of thought. Perhaps his reply may be interesting and timely if inserted at this point. It read as follows:

Dear Bernie,

Why do you always write such unimportant nonsense. Tell me, how do you feel about

$$\int \frac{dx}{x^3+8} = \int \frac{-\frac{1}{2}x+\frac{1}{4}}{x^2-2x+4} dx + \int \frac{\frac{1}{2}dx}{x+2} = \frac{1}{2} \int \frac{4-x}{x^2-2x+4} dx + \frac{1}{2} \int \frac{1}{x+2} dx$$

Doesn't this make for an interesting bit of thought?

Your buddy,

$$\frac{AX+B}{(X^2+pX+9)^h}$$

There was more to this literary masterpiece, but it all followed the same pattern. No doubt it sounds a bit exaggerated, but if one were to spend a week or two at the Gym Annex dormitory, he would develop the same feelings for these organic machines as I have. In analyzing the Annex populace, one finds a mixture of lawyers, commerce students, philosophy majors, liberal-arts men, and engineers. With all but the latter it is possible to carry on an



intelligent, stimulating, and at times valuable conversation. But the engineers, smartly dangling their polished leather slide-rule cases as they flutter from formula to formula, have no time for petty things like speech and thought. They either will not or cannot think. Those who will not are the new-comers trying desperately to ape their elders; those who cannot are those elders whose gray matter is already saturated with derivations, integrations, and parametric and polar equations.

If the question is put to an engineer, he laughs it off with a snappy and well-rehearsed, "Ya can't eat thought. Any boss'll hire a trained and specialized man before one who knows a little about everything, but nothing about anything."

This reply is justified. We are living in a competitive society. But what does all this specialization do for the man himself. Will it make him a boon to family and community? Possibly it will if his salary is high enough. Will it get him a niche in the world's Hall of Fame? Again possibly it may if he makes good enough use of one or two formulas. Will it make an individual of him? Never, for individuality and thought are not offered in an engineering curriculum.

This course of study does not nourish a mind; it greases and primes it as any mechanic greases and primes a machine. For engineers are not individuals, nor are they educated. They are robots who need no education. Their prerequisites for a contented life are differential and integral calculus, a slide-rule, and a competitive society.

## Fallacy Fannie

FRIEDA POST

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

FANNIE OPENED HER EYES, STRETCHED, AND GLANCED at the clock on the desk. It was seven o'clock. She would barely have time to dress, eat breakfast, and arrive promptly at Kinley Hall for her eight o'clock class.

While she was contemplating whether or not it would be wise to take her accounting book to class, her roommate interrupted her thoughts by admonishing, "Fannie, you're wearing my blouse. How many times have I told you to ask my permission?" Fannie quickly retaliated, "Well, you borrowed a scarf from Margie without asking her. So there!" Then, deciding that her accounting text was much too heavy, she picked up her other books and scurried out of the room.

Fannie was very fortunate today. She slid into her seat just as the bell

rang. After taking the attendance, her instructor directed the students to turn to page four hundred in their accounting texts. "Well, wouldn't you know it," thought Fannie, "just because I decided not to take my book today. That's life for you."

The rest of the morning passed quickly. Fannie had the afternoon free, and she thought it would be a good opportunity to complete the last task of her initiation. She was required to determine the pledgees' reaction to their initiation. Luckily, all the pledgees were at home, and Evelyn obtained all the necessary information. She then proceeded to write her report, stating, "All pledges felt that the initiation was a fair one and a good deal of fun was derived from it." She concluded her report by stating, "Therefore, if the same initiation is given next semester, the new pledgees will have the same reaction toward the initiation." When the task was completed, it was time for dinner.

That evening Fannie and her roommate were discussing various topics, including the courses they were taking, when Margie interrupted them to ask for her scarf. She had a date that night with Dwight. Fannie, looking at the light on the ceiling, teasingly chanted,

"Since Dwight is light  
And light is bright  
Dwight is bright."

Margie frowned and returned to her room to dress while Fannie and her roommate continued their discussion.

"You know," Fannie said, "I don't like Rhetoric."

"Why not?" asked her roommate.

"Because it won't be beneficial to me."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I won't learn anything," replied Fannie.

"How do you know?" queried her roommate.

Fannie replied after considerable thought, "Well, since it won't be beneficial I can't possibly learn anything."

Then, feeling rather tired, Fannie proceeded to get ready for bed.

# Scientific Analysis or Propaganda?

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE GENERAL PUBLIC HAS VERY RECENTLY BEEN WIT-  
ness to a violent disagreement between the U. S. Navy and the U. S. Air  
Force. Organization and use of air power was the basis of this disagree-  
ment. News distributing agencies carried many accounts of information con-  
cerning this incident. I wonder how many people took the necessary time to  
analyze the published information and to separate the facts from the propa-  
ganda? Those who did could not miss the card stacking device so often used  
in naval press releases.

Naval press releases continually carried the statement that "wars cannot  
be won by bombardment of large cities and helpless civilians." No statement  
was made that Strategic Warfare by the U. S. Air Force was based on the  
bombing of large cities of helpless civilians. It was left for the reader to as-  
sume this fact after reading the naval information. Most people, no doubt,  
fell into the well-planned trap.

All air force personnel will agree that wars cannot be won by bombing  
large cities of helpless civilians. They will also be quick to add that this is not  
strategic bombing. To win a war by strategic bombing, an air force must strike  
at the industrial vitals of the enemy until that enemy no longer has the will  
nor the capacity to wage war.

Industrial potential is the backbone of any nation engaged in conflict;  
however, no nation has a completely balanced industrial potential. All have  
weak spots. If that weak spot can be completely destroyed, armies in the field  
will come to a halt because of lack of supplies necessary to conduct warfare.  
This fact was well demonstrated in World War II when German armies were  
immobilized because of lack of gasoline. The gasoline processing industry had  
been destroyed months earlier by strategic bombing.

It is true that many civilians are killed in any bombing raid. This is due  
to the fact that the homes of industrial workers are concentrated as closely as  
possible to their work. Large concentration of industry means large concen-  
tration of population. Using this fact together with the card stacking device,  
we very easily arrive at the statement that "wars cannot be won by the bom-  
bardment of large cities of helpless civilians."



## Cross-Currents

TOM T. WILSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

WHEN THE NIGHT NOISES BEGIN IN EARNEST AND THE witching hour is long past, have you ever awakened and found your mind jumbled with a medley of weird thoughts? The brain seems to be very unsettled, for it jumps from one memory to another without rhyme or reason.

The thoughts of a remembered party are cut by the tension of a fast car race. A jagged brain tremor starts the memory of a heated argument, and then it slips into the melancholy of a long-forgotten ballad. The image of a face is focused in the mind's eye, but it soon drifts away to make room for the vivid picture of an imagined drowning. The pride one feels when something turns out right is shattered by the mortification of an ill-spoken word.

The thoughts shift and turn, subside and rise again, pass and crisscross one another. An illusive pattern is formed, and a helpless sensation envelops all the senses.

But as an exhausted child falls into a profound slumber, the currents fade and die away, and oblivion again reigns.

# Rhet as Writ

When it was suggested that we go to Bridal Cave, I agreed to the idea, mostly for the sakes of curiosity and cohesion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Few men have or will ever have the solution to the problem of finding a happy medium between the sexes. The various methods that have been tried are numerous and complicated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blanche DuBois is a frustrated, neurotic English teacher.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Spring ascends upon the campus like an Autumn leaf flying to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

A glittering generality is painting a rosy picture and trying to make the sucker swallow it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most boys are good drivers, but they get careless and wreckless.

\* \* \* \* \*

A man can usually park a car much better than a woman.

\* \* \* \* \*

Losing my temper, I picked up a broad and brought it down on his head.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had long, shaggy, red hair and freckles on his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was quite a heart rendering experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since all Indians are bad, I was to be burned at the steak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Making a home is a job for three people, not just two, but, I would like to know how a woman can raise children and be a carrier girl to.

\* \* \* \* \*

Plastic surgery deals with two kinds of physical deformities, congenial and acquired.

\* \* \* \* \*